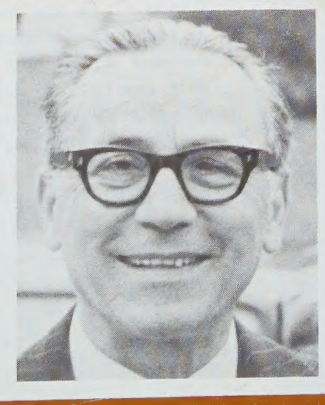
ivingCity

7 1983
VOLUME 22
JULY

Theological Union
LIBRARY
JUL 18 1983

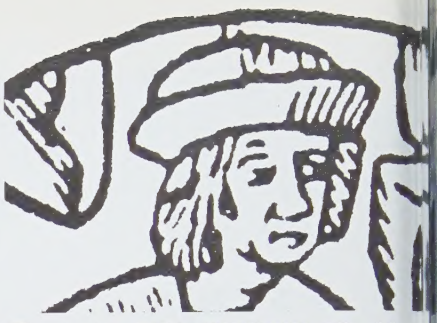
MARIAPOLIS '83



A BEAUTY UNKNOWN TO US

livingCity 7 1983 VOLUME JULY

2 *"OPEN THE DOORS TO THE REDEEMER": 'Intentions' and 'thoughts' of Pope John Paul II on the meaning and value of the present Holy Year.*



5 *WHY THE JUBILEE?: The histo tradition of these extraodinary celeb*

Sharry Silvi	**Editor**
Anne Lingley	**Managing Editor**
Lucy Comolli	**Art Director**
Doris Revere Peters	**Contributing Editor**
Rosemary Moran James and Kathy Webber	**Article Editors**
Vera Giannini	**Senior Copy Editor**
Richard Tetreau Rosalyn Richardson-Coleman	**Copy Editors**
Longina Briones	**Assistant Art Director**
Philomena Sheridan	**Circulation Manager**
Rolf F. Rehe	**Art Consultant**

Living City is published 11 times a year (10 monthly and a bimonthly issue in August-September) by the Focolare Movement, a non-profit corporation, P. O. Box 496, New York, NY 10021.
Subscription prices for one year: USA and possessions: US$12.75; Canada: US$15.00; Elsewhere: US$18.00; Air Mail (all countries): US$25.00.
An envelope is enclosed in each magazine for subscription orders and inquiries: LIVING CITY, P. O. Box 126, Jamaica, NY 11415.

© 1983 by the Focolare Movement, Women's Branch, Inc. All rights reserved.

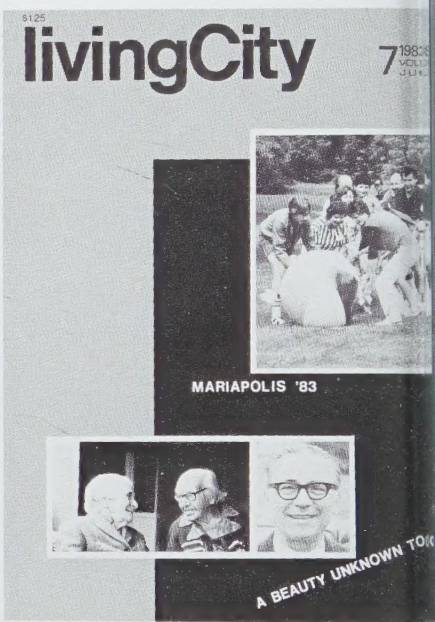


Photo credit for lower left cover photo ta UN Photo by John Isaac.

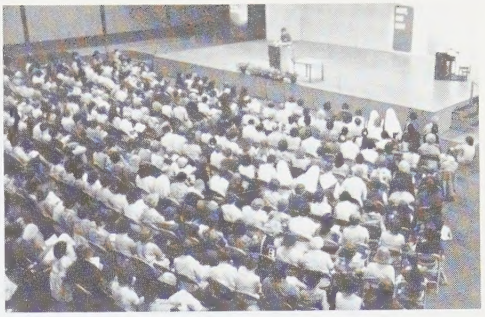
OTHER EDITIONS OF THE FOCOLARE MOVEMENT MAGAZINE

CHINESE: "San Sing Seung Yuet Hong" - 70 W loo Road 11 B/F - Kowloon - Hong Kong

DUTCH: "Nieuwe Stad" - St. Stephanusstraa - Nijmegen - Holland

A BEAUTY UNKNOWN TO US: Interviews and experiences on a topic of important concern: aging.

20 *LC NEWS: Recent events of the Focolare Movement around the world.*



25 *MARIAPOLIS 1983: "Working for a more united world" is the theme of this year's summer gathering of the Focolare Movement. See page 25 for information and program.*

CONTENTS

Pope John Paul II	"OPEN THE DOORS TO THE REDEEMER"	2
Gino Lubich	WHY THE JUBILEE?	5
Mary Cass	A BEAUTY UNKNOWN TO US	8
	MARIAPOLIS '83	25

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LC NEWS	20
WORD OF LIFE	24

ENCH:
Nouvelle Cité" - 131, rue Castagnary F75 015
s - France
Nouvelle Cité" - C.P. 636 - St. Jerome - P. Q. -
ada - J7Z 5T9

RMAN: "Neue Stadt" - Gleissnerstrasse 87 -
0 Munchen 83 - Germany

ITALIAN: "Città Nuova" - Via degli Scipioni 265
00192 Rome - Italy

PORTUGUESE: "Cidade Nova" - Rua Pio XII 274 -
Paraiso, Sao Paulo - Brazil

SPANISH:
1. "Ciudad Nueva" - Av. da Rivadavia 4939 - Buenos Aires 24 - Argentina
2. "Ciudad Nueva" - Ferrer del Rio - 1 esc A, 2º 5a
Madrid - Spain

OTHER ENGLISH EDITIONS:
1. "New City" - 57 Twyford Avenue - London W3 - England
2. "New City" - P. O. Box 332 - Manila, Philippines
3. "New City" - 367 Balwyn Rd. - Balwyn North 3104 - Australia

"Open the doors to the Redeemer"

On March 25, 1983, Pope John Paul II inaugurated the 'Holy Year of Redemption' with the opening of the Holy Door. The Pope had earlier outlined his "intentions" and "thoughts concerning the meaning and value of this Holy Year" in an audience on December 23, 1982. On the following pages we are publishing parts of this talk together with an article on the history of these extraordinary Jubilees.

"First of all, the Jubilee Year is meant to emphasize the aspect that captures the attention of those who are open 'to the voice of the Spirit who speaks to the Churches' (Rev. 2:29): the role that this Jubilee of grace assumes, between the Holy Year celebrated in 1975 and the one that will be celebrated in 2000, at the dawn of the third millennium — the great Holy Year. It is then a Jubilee of transition between these two dates, like a bridge launched toward the future that originates with the extraordinary experiences of all the happenings of eight years ago: in fact Paul VI, of venerated memory called all the faithful at that time to live their own 'spiritual renewal in Christ and reconciliation with God.'

"It is the Jubilee of Redemption: actually if every Holy Year proposes on a universal scale the probing of the mystery of Redemption and makes it relived in faith and penance; if indeed, the Church always recalls Redemption, not only every year, but every Sunday, every day, every moment of her life, because in the celebration of the sacraments she is totally immersed in this sublime and unique gift of the love of God offered to us in Christ the Redeemer, then this next Jubilee is *an ordinary year celebrated in an extraordinary way*. The possession of the grace of Redemption, ordinarily experienced in and by means of the structure of the Church itself, becomes extraordinary because of the peculiar nature of the announced celebration.

"Placed in this perspective, in the *Kairos* of the historical date that we are living, this Jubilee acquires the character of a challenge thrust out to the man of today, to the believer of today, to understand more deeply the mystery of Redemption, to let oneself be carried by this extraordinary movement of attraction toward *the Redemption, the reality of which is constantly verified in the Church as an institution*, and must be *applied, as a charism, in the hour of grace* which the Lord makes strike for each man in the important events of the Christian experience. It concerns a central spiritual movement that from this moment must be encouraged and prepared at the level of the whole Church . . .

"The approaching Jubilee is intended to make people more aware of the celebration of the Redemption which is continually commemorated and relived in the whole Church. Its specific purpose is to call to a more profound consideration of the event of Redemption and its concrete application in the Sacrament of Penance.

"It appears then that the content is already in clear evidence in the title itself: *Year of the Redemption*. All the richness of the Christian mystery, all the urgency of the Gospel message, is contained in this word: Redemption. The event of Redemption is central in the history of salvation. It is all summarized here: *Christ came to save us*. He is Redeemer of man, *Redemptor hominis*. For man who is searching for truth, justice, happiness, beauty, goodness, without being able to find them with his own strength alone, and remains unsatisfied by the propositions that today's immanentistic and materialistic ideologies offer him, and thus borders on the abyss of despera-

Pope John Paul II during the ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door, March 25, 1983.

tion and boredom or is paralyzed in sterile and self-destructive enjoyment of the senses — for man who bears in himself the imprint, in mind and heart, of the image of God and feels this thirst for the absolute — *the only answer is Christ*. Christ comes to meet man in order to free him from the slavery of sin and to return his pristine dignity to him.

"Redemption summarizes the entire mystery of Christ and constitutes the fundamental mystery of Christian faith, the mystery of a God who is Love and who revealed himself as Love in the gift of his Son as a victim in 'offering for our sins' (1 Jn. 4:8-10).

"*Redemption is the revelation of love*, it is the work of love, as I wrote in my first encyclical (cf. *Redemptor Hominis, 9*). The Jubilee must therefore bring all Christians to the rediscovery of the mystery of love contained in the Redemption and to a probing of the riches hidden for centuries in Christ in the 'burning furnace' of the Paschal Mystery.

"Furthermore, Redemption not only reveals God to man, but man to himself (cf. *Gaudium et Spes, 22)*. This is a constitutive element of human history, because man is not fully himself if he does not live in the Redemption which causes man to discover the deep roots of his person, wounded by sin and its rending contradictions, but saved by God in Christ, and brought 'to the state of that perfect man who is Christ come to full stature' (Eph. 4:13).

"The Year of Redemption will thus offer the opportunity for a renewed discovery of these consoling and transforming truths, and it will be the task of pastors of souls, of theological speculation, of pastoral work, of Kerygma, to spread in the widest radius possible the news of salvation, in which is contained the essence of the Gospel: Christ is the only savior, since 'there is no salvation in anyone else, for there is no other name in the whole world given to men by which we are to be saved' (Acts 4:12).

"... In this Jubilee that intends to bring the mercy of God close to the misery of man, the strain towards grace must be renewed, the effort of consciences must be intensified in order to apply subjectively the gift of Redemption, of that love flowing from the crucified and risen Christ. The Holy Year is therefore a call to repentance and to conversion, dispositions necessary for sharing in the grace of Redemption. It is not man who redeems himself from sins, but it is man who is redeemed by accepting the forgiveness acquired by the Redeemer. We want then to live the mystery of Redemption, drawing inspiration from those great realities that were the main reason for my first encyclicals: Christ the Redeemer of man, Christ who reveals the Father, rich in mercy. Likewise the celebration of the Synod will facilitate the understanding of this inestimable gift, disposing souls to apply

themselves subjectively to the Redemption: to live it through penance and reconciliation, that is, in victory over moral evil, in the return to God, *in conversion*. As I wrote in *Dives in Misericordia*, 'Authentic knowledge of the God of mercy, the God of tender love, is a constant and inexhaustible source of conversion, not only as a momentary interior act, but also as a permanent attitude, as a state of mind. Those who come to know God in this way, who *see* him in this way, can live only in a state of being continually converted to him'(13).

"It is necessary to rediscover the sense of sin, the loss of which is connected with that *more radical and secret* loss of the *sense of God*. The Sacrament of Penance is the sacrament of reconciliation with God, the encounter of the misery of man with the mercy of God, personified in Christ the Redeemer and in the power of the Church. *Confession is a practical exercise of faith* in the event of Redemption.

"The Sacrament of Confession is therefore reproposed, through the Jubilee, as a testimony of faith in the dynamic sanctity of the Church, which makes saints of sinners. It is reproposed as a need of the ecclesial community, which is always wounded in its totality by every sin, even if committed individually. It is reproposed as a purification in view of the Eucharist, a consoling sign of that sacramental economy through which man enters into direct and personal contact with Christ, who died and rose for him: 'who loved *me* and gave himself *for me*' (Gal. 2:20). In all the sacraments, beginning with Baptism, this interpersonal relationship is established between Christ and man, but it is above all in Penance and in the Eucharist that it is revived throughout the whole span of human life and becomes reality, possession, support, light, joy...

". . . The Jubilee is a *great service to the cause of ecumenism*. Celebrating the Redemption, we go beyond historical misunderstandings and contingent controversies, in order to meet each other on the common ground of our being Christian, that is redeemed. The Redemption unites all of us in the one love of Christ, crucified and risen. This is above all the most valid meaning, in the light of ecumenical action, that is to be attributed to the coming Jubilee.

"It is necessary to rediscover the sense of sin, the loss of which is connected with that more radical and secret loss of the sense of God."

"But there is also another reason that leads us to hope in this union of hearts: the spirit of prayer and penance that pervades the Jubilee celebrations must lead to that conversion of heart which the Council Fathers have indicated as an essential condition for the restoring of unity in the Church: 'There can be no ecumenism worthy of the name,' as is written in the decree on ecumenism, 'without interior conversion. For it is from newness of attitudes, from self-denial and unstinted love, that yearnings for unity take their rise and grow toward maturity. We should therefore pray to the Holy Spirit for the grace to be genuinely self-denying, humble and gentle in the service of others, and to have an attitude of brotherly generosity toward them' (*Unitatis Redintegratio*, 7).

". . . From this moment I entrust this program to the intercession of Mary Most Holy. She is the vertex of Redemption. She is indissolubly joined to this work, because she is Mother of the Redeemer and the most sublime fruit of Redemption. She is in fact the "first redeemed," precisely in view of the merits of Christ, Son of God and her son.

"The Church will have to look more intensely at her who embodies in herself that model which the Church itself hopes and expects to be: 'a glorious Church, holy and immaculate, without stain' (Eph. 5:27).

"The Jubilee of Redemption includes then an eminently Marian aspect: the coincidence of the celebration which falls in anticipation of the third millennium leads us to understand that *Advent mentality* which singles out the presence of Mary in the whole history of salvation. She, as the 'Morning Star,' precedes Christ and prepares him, receives him in herself and gives him to the world: and also in the preparation of this Jubilee we believe in her and know she is present to dispose our hearts for the great event."

(Reprinted from the *Osservatore Romano, English Edition, 3-10 January, 1983).*

Why the Jubilee?

by GINO LUBICH

Ever since pilgrims from all over the world convinced Pope Boniface VIII to proclaim the year 1300 as a Jubilee year of "general pardon," history has been well interwoven with these celebrations.

Somehow, in the year 1299, the news spread that the following year would be a Jubilee. How it happened, no one is really sure. Maybe it was the pilgrims who, descending upon the tomb of the Apostles and visiting the "Veronica,"[1] then returned home and spread the voice that the centennial year, that is the year 1300, would be one of "general pardon." The fact remains that at midnight of December 25 (at that time Christmas was also the first day of the Christian year) the basilica of St. Peter was invaded by an unprecedented crowd of faithful who "risked life and limb to visit the tomb of the Apostles" as Bargellini wrote. They were convinced that the fountain of plenary indulgence would spring forth from there that night, and that for the whole year all wrongdoing would be forgiven and all temporal punishment exonerated. The flow of pilgrims to Rome continued throughout the following days to the amazement of Pope Boniface VIII himself who up until then had been concerned about many other worries: Europe was being thrown into confusion by the ambitions of the powerful and overrun at every turn by armed outlaws. Italy itself was devastated by civil violence and the "Capital of Christianity" was being torn to pieces by the arrogance of the princely houses.

The woodcut from the early 1500's shows an English pilgrim leaving his city for Rome.

In that world of hate and hunger and misuse of power, how had that singular idea of peace and pardon, which gave life to a growing wave of religious enthusiasm, even come about?

Pope Boniface ordered an investigation into the Archives to see if anything similar had occurred in the preceding centennial, in the year 1200. But there was nothing to be found. The Pope reflected on this turn of events and concluded *vox populi vox Dei* ("the voice of the people is the voice of God"). On February 22, 1300, he published the Bull[2] with which he indicated that the Jubilee, which had already begun more or less on its own, was indeed retroactive to the feast of the Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, granting "absolute pardon for all sins" to all those who in that year would approach the basilicas "with reverence, being truly repentant and confessed."

Giotto had already been called from Florence to depict the scene of the Holy Father standing at the balcony of St. Peter's reading the Bull from the outstretched hands of a Deacon.

Rome at that time was all enclosed by walls. It consisted of a conglomeration of hovels side by side with antique ruins and splendid basilicas. The Tiber River flowed past the rustic Castel Sant'Angelo which, only later, would acquire the turrets of a fortress.

The Coliseum had not yet under gone the devastation of earthquakes; and it still maintained, in-

tact, the white stone circle in the amphitheater created by Flavius.

Two million pilgrims wound their way through these narrow city streets. It was an enormous number of people for that time. As the writer Luciana Giambuzzi described it: "The Crimson cloak of Charles de Valois and the rich garments of his wife Catherine mixed and mingled with the coarse tunics of the poor, the simple cotton skirt of the country girl." Among the many pilgrims there was also one Dante Alighieri.

A copy of the Bull was sent out all over the Catholic world. A three-line latin verse that all could remember was attached to the Bull. It read: "The centennial year in Rome will always be a Jubilee year./ Sins will be absolved and their punishment remitted./ Boniface has declared and confirmed this." But since that time one hundred years never passed between one Jubilee and another.

A few years after the first Jubilee, the Papal Court was already situated in Avignon, France. Rome was in desolation — shaken by earthquakes and ravaged by the plague.

The ruins were in a state of neglect and the souls of the people seemed dominated by anguish. The question arose: who among us will live long enough to profit by a Jubilee? A hundred-year interval is simply too long.

Messengers left Rome for Avignon with the request for a Jubilee at least every fifty years. Pope Clement VI, a Frenchman, granted an audience to the great poet Petrarch who implored the Pontiff with his universally acknowledged influence. Cola di Rienzo, the Roman tribune, travelled to Avignon, almost overwhelming the Pope with his vehement oratory.

Upon returning to Rome, Cola announced to his fellow citizens that they could rejoice; "The heavens are opened." Rome thus celebrated her second Jubilee for pilgrims from all over the world. However, it unfortunately took place without the presence of the Pope who did not leave his castle in Avignon.

It would take the fire-filled letters of St. Catherine of Siena dictated "in the blood of Christ," to get his successor Gregory XI (also French) out of that golden prison and back to Rome. But the joy was brief. At the election of Urban VI, an Italian Pope, the French cardinals elected their own Pope, thus initiating the great schism of the west. "A Pope in Rome and another in Avignon," wrote Bargellini — "the Church with two heads, an unheard of monstrosity, a scandal which lasted forty years."

The succession of Jubilee years was then interrupted. The Roman Pontiff did not wait the full fifty years until the year 1400. In order to once again call the attention of the Christian world to Rome he advanced the Jubilee date to 1390 to commemorate Jesus' age — 33 years. "Unfortunately this idea came a little late," Bargellini observed. "Thirty-three years had already passed since the last Jubilee. In fact, 1350 plus 33 equals 1383, not 1390. However, what was not celebrated in 1383 was celebrated in 1390 - without of course the pilgrims from the states remaining loyal to Avignon. These faithful were forbidden to leave their land.

A "holy madness" descended upon Rome—"crowds of pilgrims dressed in white, marching behind black crosses," men and women, old and young. They were unrecognizable one from the other because all were dressed in long white tunics marked by a red cross and bound by a cord around the waist. The hood of the tunic completely covered the head, leaving only two openings for the eyes. The "passing of the whites" as it was called, was like an impetuous river which continued to expand as new rivulets coming from different towns, joined the flow.

The following Jubilee was celebrated during the pontificate of Pope Martin V, a pontificate which also saw the end of the scandal of the great schism of the west. This Jubilee took place in 1423 and was based once again on celebrating the thirty-three years of Christ's life on earth. It was not, however, an extraordinary event; only a large number of Germans journeyed to Rome. One piece of news did come into relief though. "Pope Martin," one writer noted, "had the Holy Door of St. John Lateran opened." It was the first time that the Holy Door was mentioned, and evidently its first opening did not take place in St. Peter's.

The year 1450 was defined by St. Anthony dei Consigli (a Dominican who led the Florentine delegation to that Jubilee) as the "year of gold." He wasn't referring only to the commercial aspect of that event, to the windfall made there by Cosimo dei Medici for example, but also to the authentic spiritual enrichment brought about by that Jubilee celebration. For the entire length of its duration the streets were constantly filled with pilgrims — among them four Franciscans who would later be declared saints: John of Capistrano, John della Marca,

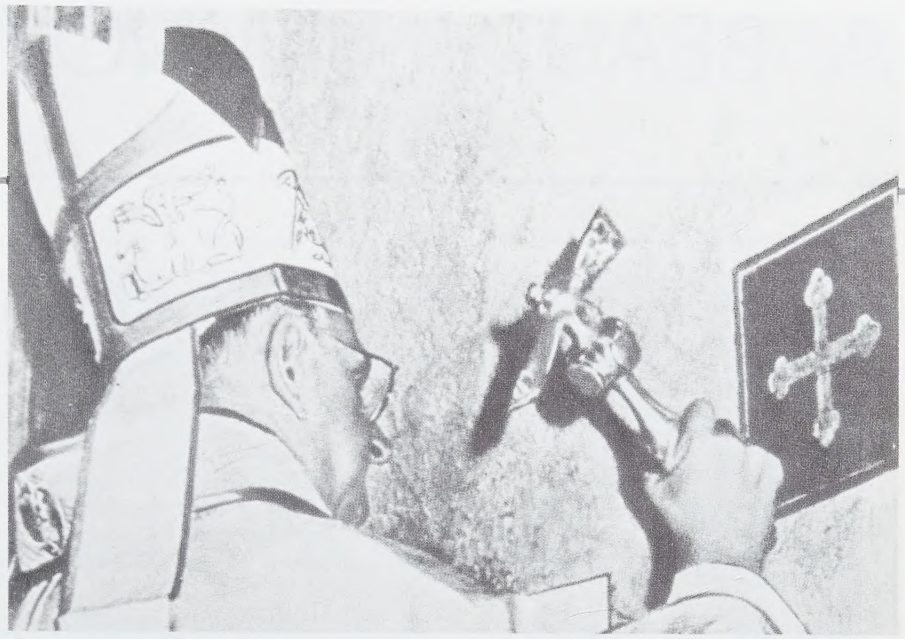
Peter Regolato and James D'Alcala; among the Dominicans there was the painter and mystic Fra Angelico, and among the women, Saint Catherine of Bologna and Saint Rita of Cascia.

It was Pope Paul II who reduced the period of years between Jubilees from fity to twenty-five. Consequently the next one was celebrated in 1475 and, for the first time, was called the Holy Year.

For more than two and a half centuries afterwards, the Holy Years were celebrated with perfect regularity every twenty-five years (1500, 1525, 1550, 1575, 1600, 1625, 1650, 1675, 1700, 1725, 1750, 1775). The French Revolution interrupted this succession as it overthrew thrones and monarchs, uprooted ancient privileges and buried a world that no longer seemed relevant while a new one was being born in the midst of painful upheaval.

Only in 1825 could Pope Leo XII announce the 20th Holy Year, and once again, for 365 days, Rome became the destination of pilgrims from every corner of the earth.

However, events once again prevented the following Jubilee from taking place. At his election Pope Pius IX had been hailed with enthusiasm by all Italians. Even Cicernacchio, the leader of the people, had aroused the Romans to unbridle the horses from the Pope's carriage and push it themselves. This Pope would bring about important reforms and concede the Constitution. Then the tide turned. The loss of temporal power proved to be a difficult cross for the Pontiff to bear and he did not proclaim another Holy Year until 1875. It was a peaceful year; at one point the Pontiff himself went down into the Basilica after not having set foot in it since September 19, 1870.



Pope Paul VI inaugurating the 1975 Holy Year by 'striking' the Holy Door with a small hammer.

The next Holy Year was celebrated in the year 1900. King Umberto I himself wanted to make the pilgrimage along with all the others, but he was killed by the anarchist Bresce in Monzo before his desire could be realized.

The following Holy Year was proclaimed in 1925 by Pope Pius XI. One highly significant gesture that this Pontiff performed was to open the doors of the balcony which face onto St. Peter's Square and step out to bless the crowd. This Jubilee was characterized by a strong missionary thrust. An exposition of missionary activity was the chief attraction for the pilgrims that year.

Eight years later, in 1933, the same Pope Pius XI proclaimed another Jubilee which would celebrate the 19th anniversary of the Redemption.

Between this Holy Year and the one that would follow in 1950, World War II took place. The effects of this catastrophe were still highly evident — in Berlin, London, Leningrad, Naples and in a thousand other places — condemning the criminal madness of violence and calling the people to forgiveness and peace in the name of Mary. That same year Pope Piux XII pronounced the dogma on the Assumption.

In our own recent history, on Christmas Eve 1975, Paul VI symbolically struck the Holy Door with a hammer, and millions of televison viewers watched as the brick panel crumbled and the Holy Year with the theme of "reconciliation and renewal" began.

Now another extraordinary and unexpected Jubilee is taking place. It is a Holy Year of penance which once again celebrates the 33 years of Christ's life on earth starting to count from the Holy Year of 1950. It calls to mind for all of humanity the mystery of the passion, death and resurrection of our Savior. □

1) The most spectacular ceremony of Rome in the Middle Ages, every Friday and feast day pilgrims could view the countenance of Christ as, according to tradition, it had been impressed on Veronica's veil as Christ went up to Calvary.
2) A formal papal document having a bulla *(seal) attached.*

A BEAUTY UNKNOWN TO US

by MARY CASS

UN Photo by Jeffrey Foxx

Considering the other end of life's spectrum — the aged, those whom humanity, in a progressive, vibrant world, at times mistakenly thinks of as slowly on the "decline," moving toward "regression" and "inertia" — I was deeply struck by certain words of the Holy Father. One New Year's Eve, an occasion on which the world speaks of "new life," during the extraordinary season of Christmas, of "birth," he addressed himself to this select segment of our population: the elderly.

"Today, I would like these thoughts of ours, our hearts and above all our prayers ... to go to 'the more elderly.'

"It is to the oldest that we must look with respect, honor. To them, families owe their existence, education and maintenance, which have often been paid for with hard work and much suffering.

"They cannot be treated as if they were now useless. Even if they sometimes lack the strength to be able to carry out the simplest actions, they have, however, experience of life and the wisdom that the young often lack. Let us meditate on the words of the Holy Scripture: "*What an attractive thing is judgment in grey-haired men, and for the aged to possess good counsel! How attractive is wisdom in the aged, and understanding and counsel in honorable men! Rich experience is the crown of the aged, and their boast is the fear of the Lord*" (Sir. 25:4-6).

This article is not intended to be an indepth study into the "aging process," and all that it implies physically, emotionally and socially. It is rather a simple glance at a topic which is of great concern today, one in which every person has a stake. In a broader sense, given the continuous increase in the relative size of the aging population, this is one issue that the the whole world is called upon to face with a great sense of responsibility.

The interviews, experiences of life and writings that we have gathered on this subject have given us hope, telling us that aging is not merely a "dying out process." On the contrary for many it seems to be accompanied by a sense of fullness or fulfillment in life.

BRIEF INTERVIEWS WITH EXPERTS IN THE FIELD OF AGING

BISHOP ETTORE DI FILIPPO, Counselor at the Permanent Observer Mission to the United Nations, has recently been named by Pope John Paul II as Bishop of Isernia and Venafro, in Italy. Bishop Di Filippo is the Founder and Director of Opera Pia International for Active Aging.

Bishop Ettore Di Filippo, explained Opera Pia International to us in this way:

"Opera Pia International (OPI) is an educational, non-profit organization, established in 1978, with the goal of contributing a total human dimension: social, moral and spiritual, to the items concerning aging. . . OPI's membership is convinced that there is an urgent need for science, religion, governmental and non-governmental organizations to cooperate in the development of approaches to, and programs for and with the aging. It serves to carry the message that the elderly are bearers of the fullness of life ... that old age is a unique opportunity for the fulfillment of human existence."

The bishop referred to the elderly as people who are experiencing the "most important moment in life"; we were interested in knowing why he felt this way. "Old age is the most important moment in life because it is the 'harvest time' of one's life. This is when one reaps the results of what he or she has done in the previous stages, those which have been preparatory for this.

The first stage: the student; the second stage: the responsibility of a family; the third stage: the responsibility toward society; and the last: a moment for reflection. This last, then occurs when a person has collected the infinite number of experiences that life offers and has the opportunity to concentrate on the real meaning of life. It is the moment in which one reflects that the previous stages are gone and nobody can bring them back; that the only future one has left is not a materialistic one, one which is not on the calendar. And that future makes a difference. If you do believe that there is a future, when you are old, then, you know that life has a completely different meaning and this gives light to the previous stages."

We are interested in knowing the source of the Bishop's inspiration for founding the work that he is now bringing ahead. "I have always been concerned with the problem of aging; more concerned in the beginning with the frail elderly, the sick, the handicapped, trying to give them assistance, shelter ... a decent life. However, after being at the United Nations for a while, I realized from the statistics provided by the experts, the gerontologists, that the elderly were not only those who are sick and frail, those, therefore, who need an institution or a home. Their numbers were growing and becoming a significant percentage of the entire population of a country. Therefore these people, the majority of whom were still physically and mentally sound, were becoming a very important segment of society. I recognized our tendency to alienate and isolate the elderly in our culture which tends to glorify productivity, youth, physical beauty, strength, independence and pleasure. In old age one does not have the opportunity to enjoy these things in a traditional way. We must consider the elderly as people having other kinds of resources to contribute to humanity, resources other than physical strength, such as moral

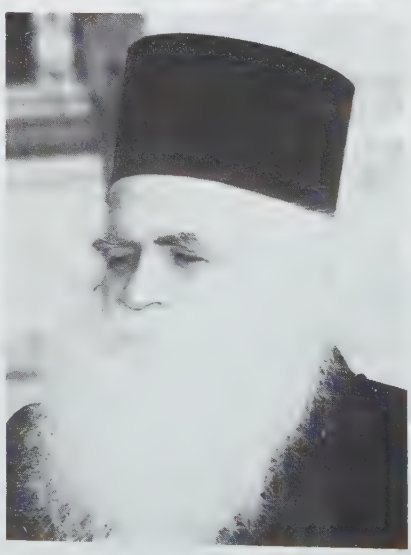
"We are ready to stay on, to be with you in a different role, but remaining with you in the family, the community, the government, the Church."

or spiritual strength. Those who have contributed most to the progress of civilization are most certainly not the athletes, or the runners, etc., but rather those who have had more to give spiritually, culturally, morally.

Furthermore, enjoyment of life is not to be merely limited to "pleasure" — to dancing, driving a big car, and so forth — but most of all it is an enjoyment that comes from within. Now all of this can be summarized in one word — love. And this, I believe, can often be given more readily by an elderly person than a young one. This type of "enjoyment of life" comes from listening to others, from dialoguing, but most of all from giving, giving what you have. In old age we certainly have much more to give than at the time of youth — a philosophy of life, an understanding of its essence, equilibrium, wisdom, experience, love. An old person knows more about love than a young person. The love of which I am speaking is not to be confused with physical enjoyment and pleasure. It is a real, deep love, which is God himself, the Love which has no end."

Bishop Di Filippo shared with us how he applies his philosophy and principles to the organization. "Opera Pia International was founded by me with the purpose of spreading the concept of an 'active aging.' It's first purpose is educational and humanitarian. We have intentionally avoided concentrating on such issues as Social Security, geriatrics, the handicaps of old age, or on its political and social aspects. We have focused on the psychological, cultural and spiritual dimensions of aging. We are inter ested in introducing a new concept; in telling the elderly that they should say: 'We are ready to stay on, to be with you in a different role, but remaining with you in the family, the community, the government, the Church; to fulfill our role here.' It is not going to be the role of the wise men or the wise women of the past, because that doesn't work anymore; the elderly's contribution will be very specific and unique because of the stage of life which he or she is going through, inside the family and so on.

UN Photo



UN Photo

We are convinced that the needs and challenges of old age are met and answered primarily in the hearts and minds of the aging themselves. We insist on activity. We tell the elderly: 'You must create your own role, which will be different from anything you have done in the past. There is a role in society, in your family that no one can define for you. It's a new stage, one which is the most challenging of all the stages of life'."

We asked the bishop if he felt that his philosophy toward the aging could be paraphrased thus: that aging typifies a fullness in life. "Yes, aging is a providential, universal phenomenon and it is meant by our Creator to give us the opportunity to deeply understand life itself, in all of its fullness; to become fully aware of the ends of life and very responsible for the preparation of life's continuation.

"Let me conclude by sharing with you some words that the Holy Father addressed to OPI during one of their international meetings held in Castelgandolfo in 1980 when he blessed our work: 'To turn our attention to the aging is to realize how much they are a part of God's plan for the world, with their mission to fulfill, their unique contribution to make, their problems to solve, their burdens to share'."

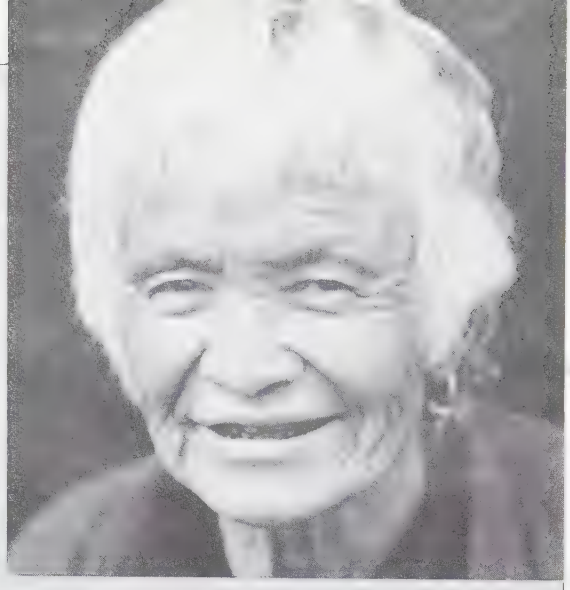
EMILY CHRISTY,
Director of Social Services at a large Manhattan nursing home, also contributes a large part of her life toward helping the aged.

"One of the things I recognize about elderly people in an institutionalized setting," Miss Christy told us, "is that their experience is unique. It is a different kind of experience than that of a person who remains in his or her own home or family. In a certain sense they go through an identity crisis because they don't always see themselves as elderly persons; the outside world does, however, and this presents a crisis for them. They're dealing with losses: the loss of physical functioning and perhaps of mental functioning; for some there has also been a loss of a home, etc. I really see my work with the people in the residence, as well as with those who are not yet here, as being the strength for them in that moment, the pillar that they can hold on to until they regain the strength that they have within them.

"I believe that we are all developing through our lives each day, each moment, to become the people that God intends us to be. I look at the elderly in this way, as people who are growing to the end ... to become the people that God had in mind when he created them. If I can see them in this light, then I'm confident that they will see themselves in the same light and will, in turn, be able to take the necessary steps to overcome this crisis.

"I have experienced that the more my relationship with God grows, the deeper is the rapport I have with these people. I see us all going along the same path together. I can relate the experiences and the struggles they go through to my own and see in them something beautiful — an expression of God's personal love for each one of us!"

A beauty unknown to us



UN Photo

In God's eyes where is there greater beauty: in the child that stares at you with innocent and lively eyes, limpid as nature; in the young girl who glitters with the freshness of a newly-opened flower; or in the shrivelled, white-haired man who is bowed down, almost wholly incapacitated, waiting for death?

A grain of wheat is beautiful and full of hopeful promise, more delicate than a blade of grass, when held together with its fellow grains that surround and compose the ear, while it waits to ripen and detach itself, in the moment it will be alone and solitary, in the farmer's hand or in the bosom of the earth.

But it is also beautiful when, mature at last, it is chosen from among others to be buried, because it is better than they are, now that it contains life within itself, and it is ready to give life to more ears of wheat. It is beautiful; it is the one that has been chosen for future generations of harvests.

But, when shrivelled-up underground, its substance is concentrated into almost nothing, it slowly decays and dies, in order to give life to a small plant, then, perhaps, it is still more beautiful.

Different kinds of beauty, each one more beautiful than the other, and the last the most beautiful of all.

Does God see things in this way?

The wrinkles that furrow the little, old woman's forehead, the bent and quivering gait, the brief words rich with experience and wisdom, the gentle look of both child and woman together, which is better than either . . . *this is a beauty that is unknown to us.* This is the same beauty as in the grain of wheat that is slowly dying and is about to rise to a new, different life, "in new heavens."

I think that God sees things in this way. The final approach to heaven is far more attractive than the various stages of the long road of life, which in the end only serves to open that one door.

CHIARA LUBICH

RICH EXPERIENCE IS THE CROWN OF THE AGED . . . Sir. 25:4-6

Matthew Silvi's life underwent an incredible change at the age of 53. He met the Focolare Movement and, profoundly struck by its spirituality of unity, he became a married focolarino. At the age of 73, his beloved wife Teresa died, and he entered a Focolare community — here he devoted his life 24 hours a day to bringing about the presence of Christ "among two or more" cf. Mt. 18:20).

Matthew, now 79, presently resides in Loppiano, a small city of the Movement that hopes to serve as a model to the world of a true Christian community where the New Commandment is the law of life.

We would like to cite here excerpts from some of his writings.

Shortly after Teresa had died, he wrote to an old friend, who was fearful of his own wife's pending death: "Dear Anthony, I found myself in your same situation. Teresa, in her last years, knew that she could die from one moment to the next; but she kept this in the secret of her heart. And I, not wanting to oppose the plans of God, did the same. From these two secret sufferings, there slowly emerged the light; that is, the understanding of the reality to which God calls us.

And so, you too say your 'yes', not with a tone of resignation but with one of trust. Do we fear the knock at the door? We certainly are weak, but the voice of Jesus calling from outside is saying: 'Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If one hears my voice and opens the door, I will come in to him and eat with him and he with me" (Rev. 3:20).

Courage my friend! Open the door to Jesus. He will enter and give you the grace that you need in each moment: actual grace, that you by name, but perhaps not yet do you know its strength. I have known it and would like to give you the gift of my experience.

"It was late in the afternoon, Saturday, April 18th. I had gone out for about 20 minutes, leaving Teresa at the table writing. I had asked her to answer some letters that had been addressed to me but were from friends of both of us — all of my friends were also hers and vice versa.

"I was surprised to return and find all the lights of the house on. Teresa was not where she had been. On the table there was a half-finished letter to my friend Mario: 'Here we make no programs, we live day by day with serenity...' then blank paper!

"I looked around the house, calling in a loud voice: 'Teresa, Teresa!' Maybe she went out, but that's impossible. She wouldn't go out and leave all the lights on... maybe she was looking for something...

"A sense of anguish was overcoming me, when I exclaimed: 'How foolish of me! She's outside on the balcony hanging out the wash.' I ran to the balcony. She wasn't there! Again, a sense of anguish: 'My God, help me to understand'!"

"I returned inside the house, confused and fearful. Entering the dining room I glanced down and spotted a body on the floor on the other side of the table.

"I ran, tried to lift her but could not. I called out to her: 'Teresa, Teresa!' she raised her arm and pointed to her head as if to say, 'It hurts here'.

"There was no need to explain more. Suddenly I became another person. I felt an incredible energy from within; and I under-

"I dare to direct my words to the elderly person, telling him or her: if you want to overcome death choose life! Choose to live as Christ who died, yes, but rose and can now live in our midst."

stood with clarity what had to be done. I went to the phone, found all the numbers and called everyone: the family doctor, a friend who was a nurse, my daughter Chiaretta. As soon as the doctor arrived, he told me that it was very serious. I made provisions that my other daughter, then in Canada, would be notified immediately; then for the ambulance in which I accompanied Teresa to the hospital.

"At this point, the grace for decision-making and action ceased, and I received the grace to know how to suffer in silence, all night, on my feet, in the hall of the hospital.

"There would be other details that I could share with you, the days and nights beside her bed ... but it is not important, neither for you nor for me, dear Anthony. I only wanted to be close to you and share this thought with you as a gift: live the present moment, totally immersed in the love and sacrifice that this day is asking of you. The grace to love and suffer tomorrow you will receive tomorrow."

Soon after joining the Focolare community he wrote: "Before dinner, I wanted to go out and breathe some fresh air. The sky was luminous. Everything looked new and beautiful, as if I were seeing it for the first time. I enjoyed it as a child. I was walking, amazed at this sensation of feeling alive, healty and free. The past was truly gone, the future not here yet. The present moment was everything and I wanted it to be an 'everything' in God."

And then in Loppiano: "Today during Mass in the big hall of Campogiallo filled with young people of every race, but one in their heart, I felt moved.

"I had just received communion. The young people were singing a line of the *Song of Songs* in French, one which I knew well: 'Come my beautiful one, come, into my garden . . .'

"I thought that in order to invite Love to come to me, my whole soul should be like a garden, full of beautiful flowers. But as soon as I looked within, I felt a strong, piercing anguish.

"It was only for a moment. Immediately the tears came and I felt free. Why this sudden touch of suffering and love? What was inside of me? I didn't stop to ask myself then, overcome as I was with emotion. But now I seem to understand. It was truly love and suffering at the same time: suffering, because my 'garden' even though it was not completely full of weeds, was still not what He would want it to be; love, because I ardently desired it to be all in bloom so as to invite him to come and rest here.

And even now, if I relive that moment, I experience the same emotion. It's the profound longing to be what I should be. And that sense that this may never happen except perhaps at the last moment of my life. But I don't want to let myself be taken by a sense of anguish. I am consoled by the thought that the desire of loving is already love."

On another occasion: "From Love, life is born. And as strange as it may seem, I dare to direct my words to the elderly person, telling him or her: if you want to overcome death, choose life! Choose to live as Christ who died, yes, but rose and can now live in our midst."

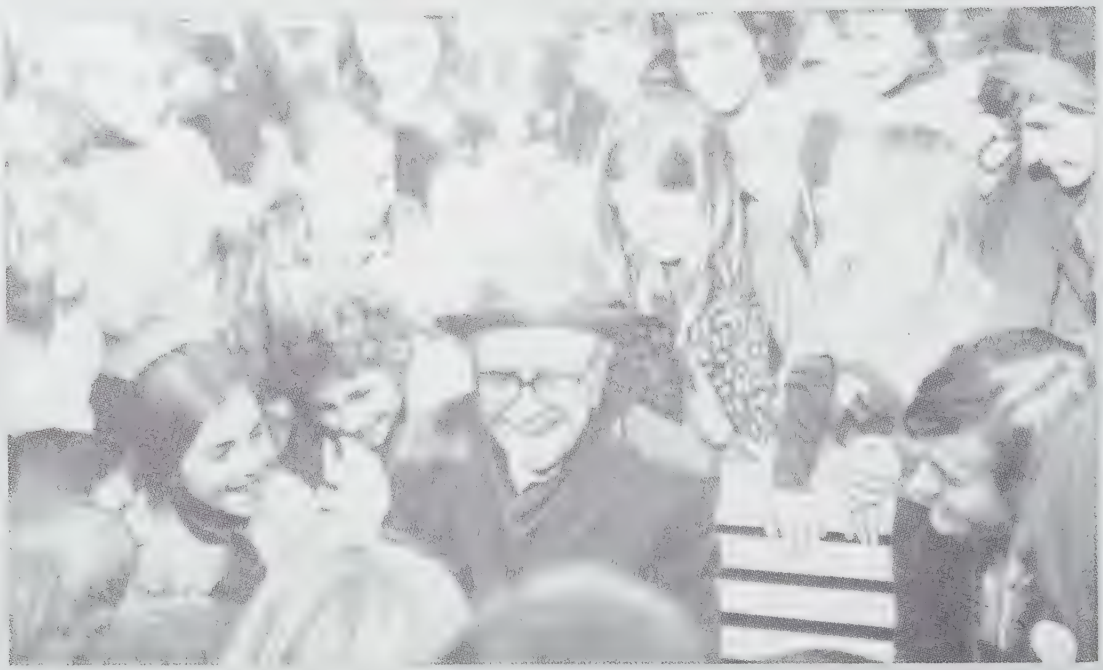
Matthew Silvi (Silvan) is the author of "Lazarus, Come Out" New City Press, New York.

NANCY OLMER is over 76 and she has been a widow for over 35 years. She does not feel that her life is over, or for "just waiting."

"I have never felt that way, Nancy told us emphatically. "I remember something I once read — that we can all do God's will in our world. I'm older and alone and that limits my world, but in that context, my world always remains interesting and new. When I go to Mass each day, I don't ask God for material things but to help me to be a better Christian that day. Everyday I find lots and lots of ways to do God's will: to share, to listen, to give something of myself to others. I participate in a program called Meals on Wheels, bringing food to 'shut-in's.' I do it as an act of love for Jesus in them, and I know I'm helping.

Nancy recently travelled to Rome to participate in a large international gathering of the Focolare Movement, the New Humanity Day, at which the Holy Father and Chiara Lubich were present. She commented on this experience in this way: "When I heard them speak and I listened to the experiences from around the world about building a 'new humanity' based on the life of the Gospel, I felt inside that I had to do something — something more than what I was already doing. It was a new discovery. How blessed I am to have had this experience in the evening of life; to discover that so many things, and life itself, can be so new and fresh."

Nancy concluded thoughtfully, "I have learned to value the present moment and I think that's why I find something 'new' in every day. When one day ends I always thank God and think — it would be good to have another one!"



It is forbidden to become old

In the Old Testament, the old person is regarded as an "expert of life," passing on to the young the strength of Faith: "We have heard with our ears, O God, our fathers have told us, what deeds thou didst perform in their days" (Ps. 44:1).
Igino Giordani, the distinguished Italian writer and the first married focolarino, wrote the following letter to some of the youngest members of the Focolare Movement, the Gen 3, ages 7 to 13 years. It was just one year before his death. He was 85 years old.

Dear Gen 3,

Since I'm a Gen 3 too, I would like to share with you an experience of mine. Yesterday I was taking a walk in the garden with a Franciscan priest.

He told me that I had remained young. And I told him that no one would believe me when I repeated it unless I had written proof. Jesus tells us we have to be like children. We have to be in the 'new man' in every moment in order to remain always young. Our revolution rejects all that is 'old'. This has to be our rule: It is forbidden to become old.

How can we always stay young? By always loving.

Ghandi once started crying in front of the cross, and said: 'He who doesn't have the love Jesus had, becomes old, becomes like a dead person.'

This is true because a life without Jesus is the life of a dead person. But, Gen 3, when I am with you, I always find joy because we love God and we love one another. These two loves go together. Every neighbor helps us to get closer to God.

So, let's always remain young! I wish that you may always keep your youthfulness and never become old.

Foco

("Fire" as he was affectionately called in the Movement.)

"They still bring
forth fruit
in old age,
they are ever
full of sap and
green, to show
that the Lord
is upright"

Ps. 92:14-15

UN Photo by John Isaac

A REFERENCE POINT FOR THE YOUNG

Grandpa, what is death like?

by ROSANNA CANTELMI

I can still remember my grandfather as he used to sit on a little wall in front of a shepherd's house. He was the last of those who had worked in the fields which were then rapidly being swallowed up by the expanding town. His stick between his legs, the sun in his face, he would sit motionless, leaving me, a toddler of four, to enjoy my freedom. He was the unwitting curator of my most precious treasures — pebbles, poppies, ears of corn or bits of broken glass. A man of few words, he seldom called me back to him. For me, it was enough to know he was there, gazing into the far distance with a look of deep sorrow, partly hidden by his bushy white eyebrows. Then we would go home, hand in hand to the door of the elevator and up to my door where he would hand me over to my mother or my aunt, to have my coat and shoes removed.

In one of my first diaries I wrote "My father is dead, but at home there is Grandad and he tells me so many things."

He was brought up in extreme poverty in Sicily living on bread and onions and when things were going well, olives. But he passed on to me unforgettable little stories of his childhood spent in the bare fields of that countryside — the killing of a viper, the little coins he saved up in an old shoe to buy a little cake for his Patron Saint's day.

Then came the great adventure. This was a story to be retold and related again and again. He decided to emigrate to America. Hardly eighteen and going alone to the crowded dock, he embarked on the steamboat. He described the terrible distress of the passengers with all the hopes and fears of losing one's life, then the thirteen-day voyage across the ocean to New York, gateway to the New World, and how he found the address of a distant relative in Pennsylvania and there grit his teeth to search for work and was slowly promoted in his "store," a kind of supermarket. He told me all these stories in his Sicilian accent, using the past historic tense. I never tired of listening to him, rolled up in a ball at his feet as he sat in his armchair. There were photographs, too, in faded brown, collected together in an album, to corroborate his stories, and a box of mysterious objects — account books, a gold watch and chain, a snuff box and a handful of American cigars.

One afternoon when we were returning from our walk, Grandad fell in the field. His legs had suddenly given away. We were alone and, naturally, I couldn't help him. He was too heavy. Over an hour passed, but he wouldn't allow me to go for help because that meant crossing the road alone between us and our house. It was an anxious hour, an hour of desperate efforts. "Perhaps Grandad... lean on me . . ." Then with an agonizing effort, one hand on his stick, the other on my shoulder, he succeeded. He was pale and sweating. I picked up his cap from the grass. "You all right?" "Yes, it's passed sweetheart, it's passed . . ."

We went home slowly and in silence but a thousand thoughts went through my head, all wrapped in a mist of sadness. Was my grandfather ill? Was he very old? Could he die? I didn't know and hadn't the courage to ask. I continued walking, looking sometimes at the ground, sometimes at his big hand with its hard knuckles, now completely enveloping my own little plump one. I held his hand as tightly as I could. "What is it?"

"Nothing."

"No more walking in the winter."

"Because Grandad has a cough."

"Why?"

"Stop asking questions."

I remember complaining to my mother and aunt while we were shopping. Even in the middle of my whimpering I realized I had to stop and behave and complete my chores, at least until five o'clock. Then I could run into his room and pull him from his chair. He spent more and more time in that chair, alone and deserted. "Come on, Grandad, it's starting." I just could not watch the children's TV program without him.

We used to sit side by side in the dining room, he with his blanket over his knees, and I with a huge slice of bread and jam. "Do you want your glasses, Grandad?"

Yes, I'd like you to bring them to me." I was able to enjoy Mickey Mouse, and to laugh at the adventures of the "Black Pirate's Grandmother," to frighten myself with the pirate in "Treasure Island," until I had to put my head under the blanket. He was the companion of my laughter and antidote for all my fears.

"How many mysteries of the rosary do you say, Grandpa?"

"Twenty."

"Why?"

"Five of them are the mysteries of the Mother of Sorrows."

"What are they?"

"The sufferings of the Our Lady."

"Does she hear you?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure I'm worthy."

He had started to pray like this every day since his wife, Grandma Nina, had died. She was the one he carried in his heart when he went to America, and he returned to Sicily to marry her. Since then he had shared with her all the dangers, joys, tiredness and shortage of money, especially during the war with six children and no work, when they gradually used up the little capital he had brought back from America. He had shared everything with her. To a certain point, but only to a certain point, he had also shared her faith, yielding eventually in face of the stubborn silent testimony, year after year, of that fragile but extremely strong woman at his side.

"Shall I do a theater show for you, Grandad?"

Grandfather got worse, with an asthma crisis in the night and a slow paralysis spreading through his limbs. Now my mother and my aunt would send me to him. "Go to Grandad. I can't find anything to interest him."

But I interested him with all the fantasy and zeal of my ten years. "I'll do a theater show for you. There I've decided."

Often Grandad didn't have the energy to reply. I went ahead all the same, undaunted, like any self-respecting actress. I took on the part of a poor girl, a rich girl, Charlie Chaplin, Laurel and Hardy, depending on the story I had invented for him. I succeeded always in drawing a smile from him. I could even persuade him to eat a mouthful of soup. It was a strange reversal of roles in a play of love, which made me, a little girl, the expert on life, and him, an old man, into a child, able to savour life once more.

There were heights and depths. Sometimes on Sundays he could still get out of bed. I remember once the festive feeling inside me. "Grandad, you must be well today because it's Sunday."

"Oh, it is? Then I have to shave." I hoarded these sparks of vitality like gold, puffed up with satisfaction because he trusted me. To lather his face was easy and good fun, but to shave him ... As I began my lips closed tightly with the effort and my hand trembled slightly. "Come on," he encouraged me, in front of the big oval mirror of the wardrobe, "But don't hurt me."

Afterwards my mother and aunt sat him on the sofa and I brought him some magazines. We turned the pages together, slowly, stopping at the photographs. The sun played on the floor of the room and, I remember how I wished that time would stand still.

The agony was a long one. One morning my mother put some clothes in a suitcase with my pyjamas and a toothbrush. "Tonight you are going to stay at Aunt Luisa's house." She had a lump in her throat. I said nothing. I just wanted to run into Grandpa's room. He was breathing heavily under the covers with a sort of rattling breath. I sat on his bed. I didn't know if he was asleep or not, until I heard him ask hoarsely, "Give me a kiss." I remember that kiss on his hot face, once again prickly, and a long embrace, interrupted by the door bell. The doctor had arrived.

He died that night. I tried with all the determination of a ten-year-old, to say the whole rosary for him. I didn't succeed. I fell asleep, still clasping the rosary beads, on a pillow wet with tears. Afterwards I didn't want to see him. I was unwilling to go into that room full of flowers, because for me, he was alive, and I didn't want to offend my eyes with a false image of cold immobility.

I still remember very clearly, sitting by the fire, a dream I had several nights after his death. Perhaps it was a projection of all my internal struggles, large and small, during those days. There was a ring at the doorbell, myself running to open the door, and there on the landing was my Grandpa smiling broadly. "But Grandad, aren't you dead?"

"Yes, but I asked the Lord for permission to come to see you."

We sat in the kitchen while my mother prepared a big meal. Then I said, "Grandpa, what is death like?"

"Don't worry about it. There is no separation."

"And Jesus?"

"Jesus is wonderful." That was all, but after this dream I felt at peace.

I don't know why fifteen years later, I feel the need to write about him. Perhaps to give him a present, to repeat to him, "Thanks, Grandad," not only for all the riches he offered me from his eighty years of experience, or from the history he had lived through, or for his humanity or even his faithful suffering. More importantly he gave me the opportunity of taking my first steps in life, in play as a child and in learning to love with the power of giving myself totally and cheerfully to others with courage and imagination.

I used my back while he used his brain.

by JOHN KEATING

As a child I knew my grandfather very little. I didn't like him to baby-sit us because he was very strict and seemed always to have a tough Irish look about him. The only thing we enjoyed about his visits was his taking a handful of money from his pocket and tossing it into the air when he was leaving. Of course, we all made a mad dash for the coins when they hit the ground.

I disliked our occasional visits to his home in the city because there was never anything exciting to do, and we were always "yelled at" for playing too roughly and making too much noise. I was always happy to return home. This unfriendliness and lack of understanding between my grandfather and me continued for many years.

When in early 1979 he lived with my aunt in Brooklyn and they used to visit us on weekends, I felt the same about him as when I was young. I would greet him and then go off to do whatever I had to do, which was to practice my music.

Either my grandfather would end up by himself or he would talk to my father or he'd play a card game. Many times they asked me to sit down and learn the game, but at that time to let go of myself for someone else was something I was not ready to do. So I would say, "No, that's all right." Then I would go about my business. Finally, on one of his visits they again asked me to sit down and learn how to play. But that time it was different because I decided to do it as an act of love, and doing it as an act of love, I understood a little bit better what it meant "to be one with another." I learned the game and from then on I played whenever he came to visit.

It was during that year of '79 that my aunt began to think seriously about moving to another location. My grandfather didn't agree with this because he was satisfied living where he was. He felt secure there. However, my aunt made the final decision to move, and she did. My grandfather couldn't adjust to the move, and that was when he started becoming ill. He would have blackouts while he was walking. My aunt would have to get people from the upstairs apartment to help her to pick him up. Once she had to call the police to help her. He was a big man — 6'3", and weighed over 200 pounds. Thus, she couldn't lift him herself. Then it came to a point where he wouldn't eat, and finally he wouldn't even get out of bed. As a result he was growing weaker by the day. She wasn't able to take care of him. Because of her job she was away from the house for most of the day.

At this point they came to the decision that he would stay with us until he regained his health. He was already ninety years old when he moved into our home. It was the week before Thanksgiving, 1979.

When he first came, we put him in a bed we had prepared for him, and that's where he stayed for days. There were many times when we approached him and asked him to get up. His answer was no; if we offered him something to eat, still he refused it. He would just lie there. After a few days of this I was thinking to myself, "This man is ninety years old. Who am I to tell him what to do? He's been through everything and he's seen it all. I'm going to love him, letting him do whatever he wants to do."

And this is what I did. Then, after awhile I asked myself if I was truly loving my grandfather; it seemed not. At that point, I started insisting that he get out of bed, but the results were the same. Finally it dawned on me how much he loved to play cards, something he rarely turned down. Accordingly, I asked him if he would like to play. He said no, but he said it in a way that told me it wouldn't be long before he would say yes. Truly it wasn't, because the next time I asked, he said yes. Then I helped him get out of bed and onto the stairs. He was very weak. It took a good while to get him to go down six steps, but I did it and we played. Then he went back to bed. This would go on day after day. I would give up my music to become "one" with my grandfather. Soon I was preparing him something to eat, not much, just a little — a couple of soft-boiled eggs and toast. He enjoyed that food very much. It was the first time in a while that he had eaten anything. He was a little stronger now but still had much to gain.

One day he was sitting with my mother in the kitchen while she was preparing dinner and he told her that he felt it was the end for him, that it was time for him to go meet his wife who had died in '72. However, every day brought him new strength. I

would come home from work each day and he would be waiting for me.

Then came the time when he had regained full health. He was getting up, preparing his own breakfast and lunch; he made an excellent Irish stew. There were times he was looking for things to do in the house — fixing the bathroom, polishing the brass.

One beautiful Spring day I came home from work early, and as I drove up, I could see him in the backyard doing some kind of work. Naturally the only thing on my mind was music. At first, I had a strong impulse to go through the front door, but after I struggled with myself, I decided my place was the backyard. I went back to greet him and find out what he was doing. He was making a walkway using some very heavy patio bricks. I spent the rest of that beautiful day using my back while he used his brain. Together we made the patio.

Time went on and I could see a beautiful relationship growing between us. To become even more "one" with him, I began to take up one of his habits: eating an early dinner. Each time we played cards, I would find out something new about him, his childhood, his jobs, his friends, and so on. He always used to try to persuade me to get married after I came of age, till one day while we were playing, I asked him how old he was when he got married. He told me twenty-eight. "What! Twenty-eight? And all this time you were after me to get married? I still have some time," I told him.

Our relationship continued to grow. Everyone in the family began to play cards. Everyday after dinner we played together. I had time for only two games though because I had to go to Mass. One day my grandfather woke up in a very happy mood. My father made him breakfast and served it in the dining room. (We usually eat in the kitchen.) He thought it was some kind of a special occasion and he went on feeling happy for the rest of the day. Came dinner time, he was in his old Irish witty mood, very happy. After dinner, like always, we played cards, but this time the two games we usually played went very fast. My grandfather and brother were partners while my mother and I were partners. We had time for a third game before I went to Mass and I said: "All right; but we will play this game for double or nothing." Inasmuch as my mother and I had lost the first two games, I wanted to catch up, but we "blew it" and they won. This made me even happier. Then we all left the table, and I went upstairs to get ready for Mass. It wasn't long before I heard my mother and sister screaming. I ran out of the room to see what it was. It was my grandfather. He had been out getting the paper, and when he went to reach for the door handle to come back in, he missed it and fell backwards, striking his head first. When I got to him he was unconscious. I felt the back of his head and noticed he was bleeding. Quickly I told my brother to get some blankets and my sister to call an ambulance. Meanwhile, my father came out and both of us tried to help the best we could. My grandfather woke up and kept asking what happened. He wanted to get up, but just to be on the safe side, we told him to remain lying down. The ambulance came to take him to the hospital. By the time he got into the ambulance, he looked all right. It seemed like just another one of his many falls.

Having this feeling inside that God was calling him, I followed them to the hospital. When we arrived he still looked all right. My father said later that on his way over he handed him all his possessions: his wallet and other personal things. Then my grandfather said that that was it.

He was only in the hospital for a little while before he went into a coma. We contacted his daughters who came immediately. At three o'clock in the morning there was nothing more that we could do, so we left. For the next ten days he was unconscious and finally died the way he had always wanted to go — in his sleep.

For me, that one year with my grandfather was a gift of the love of God. I realized that with love, relationships can be built, no matter the age. □

". . . the elderly person must constitute for adults and for young people a sure reference point in times of uncertainty, an incentive to live the higher values of the spirit, which never grow old and are still a precious link between the past generations and the present one."

Pope John Paul II
to the elderly of
the Diocese of Rome,
December 20, 1982

POPE JOHN PAUL II TO THE GEN

At the General Audience on February 9, 1983, the Holy Father greeted the Gen with these words:

"My special greetings to the youth, among whom there are 800 young men and women of the Gen Movement. Dearest, I am happy to see you and to know that you are strong, enthusiastic and desirous of making your meaningful presence felt in today's society. Grow always more in your awareness of the role which you are called to live within your families, your schools, and the environments in which you live. Bring to all these places your optimism, your joy and your hope... Most of all, have great faith in the Lord who will never let you down. Be open to all, but especially to the poor, the needy, the handicapped and the alienated. They need you; they await your help, your encouragement your friendship and your love. By doing so you will comfort them and find fulfillment in your own hearts. May you be comforted in your mission by my blessing."

The photo (above left) of Pope John Paul II with the Gen was taken at the General Audience on January 26, 1983.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Chicago:
Joseph Cardinal Bernardin, Archbishop of Chicago, visited the Mariapolis Center of that city earlier this year. To members of the Focolare community gathered together for the occasion, focolarini, families, Gen and Volunteers, he addressed warm words of encouragement and gave his blessing.

In the picture at left the Cardinal is listening to a song prepared for him by the Gen. It was entitled "It is a Feast for All of Us."And a feast it was indeed.

○ ○ ○

New York:
Bishop Francis John Mugavero, Bishop of Brooklyn, spent an evening at the Focolare Center of Skillman Avenue where a representation of the different vocations within the Focolare Movement in his diocese came together for that special occasion. After listening to his words, they shared experiences from their lives.

It was a very beautiful evening, an evening to remember.

○ ○ ○

San Antonio:
On one of his visits to San Antonio, Texas, **Bishop Charles Graham,** Bishop of Victoria, Texas, visited the Focolare Center at Elsmere Street. He said on that occasion: "This Movement goes to the heart of things, of what counts in life; that is, love, mercy and joy — what will remain." In the picture at left a joyous moment during Bishop Graham's visit.

FOCOLARE GATHERINGS

Mini-Mariapolises took place also this year in many different parts of the country. The theme of these gatherings was "Working Toward Unity — That All May Be One." In the pictures at right, two moments of the Vancouver, B.C. gathering.

Two hundred women religious associated with the Focolare Movement gathered at the Mariapolis Center in Rocca di Papa, Rome, Italy, for two weeks recently. Five sisters from the United States were among the participants. The group meeting in Rocca di Papa was representative of the 40,000 women religious all over the world who are associated with the Focolare.

○ ○ ○

The Gen 3 boys and girls are always growing in number. In the photo below a group of Gen 3 from San Antonio and at right a moment at the Gen 3 afternoon of New York.

○ ○ ○

Different groups of the Focolare **New Family Movement** organized special get-togethers at Eastertime. The spiritual program was followed by periods of sharing and recreation. In the picture below games at the New Family Day in Toronto, Canada.

NEW ARRIVALS IN LOPPIANO

Among all the mini-cities that the Focolare Movement has built in different parts of the world, Loppiano came into existence first and is the largest. Young men and women, as well as families, live there for a designated period of time in order to be formed according to the Gospel spirit of unity. They also attend classes in Sacred Scripture, Theology and Sociology and work for their own support.

Josée, Cletus and Joseph are among the young people who have come to Loppiano this year to complete their formation. In a recent interview, they spoke of their experiences.

Josée, from Zaire:

I belong to a Christian family of ten children who live in Zaire, Africa. Until the age of 13, I received a Christian education in a private boarding school. Then my father lost his job and could no longer pay my tuition. Life was not as easy as before; my mother had to work and I had to return home and continue my studies in a regular school.

Seeing the difficult financial situation of my family, I began to have doubts about the love of God which I had come to know as a child. I used to say: "If he loved me he would not leave my father without work." Thus I became estranged from God. This made my parents suffer very much. My relationship with the rest of the family became strained; the same was true at school. This situation lasted for four years, until I returned to the private boarding school.

It was there that a nun arrived one day and spoke to us about Jesus and the Gospel. I remember that I was deeply impressed by one sentence she repeated: "Love one another as I have loved you" (Jn. 13:34)

I immediately began to put it into practice by changing my attitude toward my schoolmates, for instance. A short time after that, I went to a Mariapolis with some of my schoolmates. I re-

Cletus and Joseph

member that the words we heard there were so strong that we decided to remain in contact with the Focolare. Our approach to life began to change and we started living the Gospel.

When we returned to school, one sentence in particular helped us: "Insofar as you did this to the least of my brothers of mine, you did it to me" (Mt. 25:40). We began doing different chores that we would never have done previously, like cleaning the restrooms, carrying water or firewood to the kitchen when it was needed, and cleaning the yard.

During that period I understood that our souls have to be nourished just as our bodies have to be, and that the food for our souls is Jesus in the Eucharist. I started going to Mass every day to receive him. It was he who gave me the strength to face the difficulties I encountered every day.

I returned home and continued going to daily Mass. I went to the pastor to volunteer to teach catechism to the children in the parish and to help them in several other activities. This is something I would never have done before. It came as a tremendous surprise to my parents. I felt a great love for God and understood that he was asking something else of me. He was asking me to leave everything and follow him. I wanted to be a focolarina, but since there was no Focolare Center in Zaire I knew that I would have to travel to Fontem in the Cameroons to receive further formation in this spirituality. Fontem is a little city like Loppiano, where there are many young people from all parts of Africa.

Since my family wasn't able to pay my fare, I decided to work in order to earn the money that I needed. I went to teach in an elementary school. Prior to then I was accustomed to living with girls of my own age, but there I found that I was the youngest of all the teachers, and furthermore, I had no prior teaching experience. I wanted to love the children as I would have loved Jesus himself. Out of love for them I decided to forego some of my recreational activities in order to prepare my lessons well, remaining indoors all afternoon. I also gave supplementary lessons to the children who were having difficulty without asking anything in return. The principal and the parents were very pleased and they gave me many gifts. Instead some of the teachers ridiculed me saying that what I was doing was useless and unnecessary: that I could be receiving the same pay without the extra effort. All this caused me a great deal of pain. What consoled me, however, was the word of life which we were living at that time: "You will be hated ... on account of my name; but the man who stands firm to the end will be saved" (Mt. 10:22).

This sentence gave me the courage to go ahead in spite of what my colleagues said. Some time later, another teacher came to tell me that he had understood that what I was doing was the only way to help the children and that he had begun to do the same. Gradually other teachers followed suit, and I was not alone anymore.

That year the number of students who passed the final exam was higher than usual. What a great joy it was for the principal and for the whole school.

At this point I left the school to go to Fontem. The experience I had there was also very beautiful. I worked in the hospital helping the nurses. At the beginning, knowing neither the language nor the job. I found it very difficult, but soon my love for Jesus in the patients helped me to learn what I needed to know in order to be of service to them.

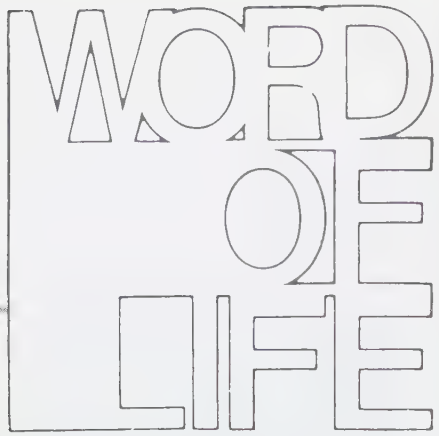
I remained there for more than a year. I came to Loppiano a few months ago with the desire and determination to learn more about that mutual love which brings about unity. Now, looking back at my life and that of my family, I can see that everything that happened to us has been a gift of God, even when I was unable to understand it as such I experienced that the following words are true: "all that God wills or permits is for our good"*(St. Catherine of Siena).*

Cletus, from the Republic of Cameroon:

It is indeed true that we come from various parts of the world, bringing with us different cultures and different mentalitites. We all have both our good qualities and our limitations, and at times the differences in our backgrounds create certain difficulties. But the important thing is that we not look at ourselves but rather give of ourselves completely in order to maintain the mutual love that Jesus has taught us. "Love one another as I have loved you" (Jn. 13:34), is the fundamental law of Loppiano and the reason for which I came here.

Joseph, from Kenya:

Every day, at work, at home and in class, I realize that it is possible to love someone else's culture as my own and to be enriched by the beautiful and good elements in it. I try to love the others for what they are, not for what they give, not wanting to change them. This makes us a family, even though I come from Kenya and they come from many other nations. I feel good about being in Loppiano because living here is like living in a family — a real family. □



"Watch, and be on your guard against avarice of any kind, for a man's life is not made secure by what he owns, even when he has more than he needs."

(Lk. 12:15)

After making the above statement, Jesus told the following parable: There once was a man who had a good harvest from his land and, therefore, decided to demolish his barns and build bigger ones to store all his grain. Then he told himself that he could take things easy and have a good time. His many possessions made him feel secure about the future. But then God said: "You fool! This very night your life will be demanded of you. And then who will have all this piled up wealth of yours?"

"Watch, and be on your guard against avarice of any kind, for a man's life is not made secure by what he owns, even when he has more than he needs."

Avarice is the desire to possess more and more. In speaking about it, Jesus is thinking especially of the rich. But he does not condemn them for being rich; rather he warns them that riches can make them lose sight of reality.

In fact, the wealthy are always vulnerable to the temptation to place their trust in the valuables they have accumulated, even to the point of thinking that by increasing their material possessions they can be secure for the rest of their lives.

Thus, the rich can end up ignoring the fact of eternal life, as well as the things that are truly of value in this life, relying instead on things they could lose at any moment.

"Watch, and be on your guard against avarice of any kind, for a man's life is not made secure by what he owns, even when he has more than he needs."

Here, Jesus also has in mind those who, while not rich, tend to seek security in the possession and accumulation of material goods. He warns such persons that, in so doing, they are demonstrating an attitude contrary to his teachings.

Jesus wants us to lead a life that is similar to God's and the essence of God's very being is love. Therefore, he wants our way of life to be love as well.

It is in love that we find our true selves — in loving and in giving freely, not in the accumulation of possessions.

This is the logic of the Gospel: Whoever wishes to save his life must lose it for God and for the Gospel: Whoever gives, receives, Jesus says: "Give, and it will be given to you" (Lk. 6:38). Indeed, whoever gives everything in order to follow Jesus, receives a hundred times as much.

"Watch, and be on your guard against avarice of any kind, for a man's life is not made secure by what he owns, even when he has more than he needs."

However can we live this word of life?

What should we possess?

First of all we must bring into focus the basic decision we have made to give God first place in our hearts. This means that love for him must come before all other affections, even before those we hold most dear. God must come before our possessions — be they many or few — before ourselves, our personal interests, and all that concerns us.

God must be the "ideal" of our lives. He must be our primary treasure.

How can we bring this about? By loving him in doing his will, which is summed up in love of neighbor.

Indeed, this in the way we love God, by loving what he told us to do: by loving others. If we are determined in our efforts to live this way, we will see that every inordinate desire, including avarice will disappear from our hearts, as if by magic.

Moreover, if we love in this way we will be contributing to the establishment of God's kingdom on earth, the kingdom of love. And we will experience, as Jesus promises to those who set their hearts on his kingdom, "all these other things will be given you as well" (Lk. 12:31).

In the life of each of us Christians there is always some small "idol" trying to usurp God's rightful place in our heart. This word of life helps us to free ourselves from such idols.

Let us trustingly follow the way of the Gospel, and we will experience God's fatherly love and his extraordinary providential care.

Chiara Lubich

EXPERIENCE

From Haiti:

Sunday a fire started in a house located very close to where we live. We were going through a period of great drought, but we decided to give all the water that was left in our water tank.

Two days later it rained very heavily and our water tank was full as never before. It seemed to be a sign of the love of God.

Sister A.L.

MARIAPOLIS 1983

"WORKING FOR A MORE UNITED WORLD"

The 1983 Mariapolis will be an extraordinary opportunity to learn, to grow, to share and above all to experience unity which is the basis and goal of the Christian community. You, your family and friends and all those interested in knowing more about the Focolare spirituality are cordially invited to attend.

The Mariapolis are the summer meetings of the Focolare, held every year, for those who wish to come into contact with it.

For one week the Mariapolis offers to hundreds of people of all ages and walks of life a very full program that includes general sessions with talks on the spirituality of unity, sharing of experiences in living this spirituality, documentaries, meetings in small sharing groups and recreational programs. The Mariapolis is a time for prayer and recollection. The celebration of the Eucharist is at the center of each day and all participants gather together at the conclusion of the activities for evening prayer.

Children have separate activities which involve them in the life of the Mariapolis through various spiritual and recreational programs. Special programs are available for teenagers as well.

The week, however, is more than the sum of its parts. It is an experience of how life, also every day life, can be transformed if love and unity are its foundation. When the Mariapolis ends, people find that it was not only a tremendously enjoyable week, but they have experienced a way of living that they will be able to bring back home.

CARIBBEAN: (in Spanish only)

This year there will also be a Mariapolis held in Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic. **It will be in Spanish only.** Space is limited. Invitations are being sent only to Puerto Rico and the Dominican Republic.

SOUTHWEST:

New Mexico Highlands University
Las Vegas, New Mexico
June 26, after supper - July 2, after breakfast

Las Vegas is in the northern part of New Mexico, the "land of enchantment." It is located about 60 miles east of Santa Fe, at an altitude of 6,500 feet. It is an historic community with a population of approximately 15,000 people. The main route of the famous Santa Fe Trail passes through the New Mexico Highlands University campus where - here and in the surrounding area - the "Wild West" was actually lived. Las Vegas is located on Interstate 25. The nearest large airport is in Albuquerque, 120 miles away. Las Vegas is readily accessible by Greyhound bus and Amtrak train.

MIDWEST:

University of Wisconsin
Platteville, Wisconsin
July 3, after supper - July 9, after breakfast

Hidden Valleys, set amid the green hills and outcroppings of southwest Wisconsin, is the scenic region where melting glaciers left numerous mini-mountains and deep valleys. Here in this beautiful and varied countryside lies the small town of Platteville and the University of Wisconsin campus. Located 22 miles northeast of Dubuque, Iowa, and 62 miles southwest of Madison, Wisconsin, the area is a scenic delight. Enjoy route 151 if you are coming from the southwest or the north. Those travelling from the south and southeast will enjoy the many picturesque spots along Route 11.

NORTHWEST:

Western Washington University
Bellingham, Washington
July 10, after supper - July 16, after breakfast

Western Washington University is situated in the hills overlooking the city of Bellingham, the bay, and many of the San Juan Islands. Its architectural blend of the traditional and the modern reflects the majestic beauty of the Pacific Northwest. Modern freeways bring Seattle and Vancouver within easy driving distance. Bellingham is situated 22 miles south of the Canadian border and 90 miles north of Seattle. The nearest large airports are in Vancouver, B.C., Canada and Seattle-Tacoma, Washington. Don't forget you'll have to cross the border if you land in Vancouver. Bellingham is readily accessible by Greyhound bus and Amtrak train.

EAST COAST:

Fordham University
Rose Hill Campus, Bronx, New York
August 8, after supper - August 14, after breakfast

On these 90 acres of land in what is now the borough of the Bronx, Bishop John Hughes of New York City formally opened a college, now Fordham University. The history of Fordham comes most vividly alive in small fragments from its records and archives. On your first visit to Rose Hill, for example, you will be walking over broad lawns where Edgar Allen Poe composed some of his finest poems. Rose Hill can best be described as *rus in urbe* (countryside within the city), and there are two neighboring territories which distinctively enhance the campus' reputation as an academic grove surrounded by a sprawling metropolis. To the east of Rose Hill is the New York Botanical Garden — the largest of its kind in the country; to the south of the Garden is the Bronx Zoo — the largest urban zoo in America. The campus is easily accessible from Route 9, the New York Thruway, the Cross Westchester Expressway, and the Taconic, Sprain Bronx River and Saw Mill Parkways.

Daily Program

FIRST DAY:

Morning:

Welcome
Origins of the Focolare Movement
How to get the most out of the Mariapolis
Mass

Afternoon:

Orientation time
"What the Mariapolis was for us" — experiences
The Focolare Movement: A tree with many branches

Evening:

The Focolare New Family Movement (What it is and experiences)
Evening Prayer

SECOND DAY:

Morning:

Singing and Mariapolis News
UNITY: the longing of our times
Experiences of unity
Mass

Afternoon:

Sharing groups
Chiara Lubich's answers to questions about unity

Evening:

The Focolare Movement and Ecumenism
Evening Prayer

THIRD DAY:

Morning:

Singing and Mariapolis News
Youth for a United World
The Youth Speak: Experiences
Mass

Afternoon:

Outdoor games

Evening:

Sharing groups
Evening Prayer

FOURTH DAY

Morning:

Singing and Mariapolis News
Word of Life
Highlights of the International New Humanity Day

Afternoon:

Penitential Service
Mass

Evening:

Sharing groups
The largest concelebration in history: Highlights of the International Congress for Priests and Religious associated with the Focolare Movement (film).
Evening Prayer

FIFTH DAY:

Morning:

Singing and Mariapolis News
Five key ideas to take home
Many one body: lines of unity
The participants speak
Mass

Afternoon:

Preparation of the Mariapolis Fest

Evening:

Mariapolis Fest
Conclusion
Magnificat

OUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

ew Mexico Highlands University
as Vegas, New Mexico
une 26, after supper to
uly 2, after breakfast

IDWEST MARIAPOLIS

niversity of Wisconsin
atteville, Wisconsin
uly 3, after supper to
uly 9, after breakfast

ORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

estern Washington University
ellingham, Washington
uly 10, after supper to
uly 16, after breakfast

AST COAST MARIAPOLIS

ordham University
ose Hill Campus, Bronx, New York
ugust 8, after supper to
ugust 14, after breakfast

THE 1983 MARIAPOLIS

"WORKING FOR A MORE UNITED WORLD"

"Unity is an extraordinary reality, a supernatural one . . .
It is the presence of Jesus in our midst, the Risen Lord.
Jesus said: 'And know that I am with you always, until the end of the world' (Mt. 28:20).
And we can find him in the Eucharist, in our bishops, in his word, in our neighbor especially in the poor and the weak.
He will also be present in our midst
if we love one another as he loved us.
"The world today is particularly sensitive to this presence of Jesus..." (From a talk by Chiara Lubich to the Focolare community of Switzerland.)

The Mariapolis offers an experience of unity. It is a sign of hope and a step toward a more united world.

3 3

pecial services provided:
ildren's Program - Nursery facilities
multaneous translations:
OUTHWEST: Spanish
AST COAST: French and Spanish
hen you check for translation please in-ate how many people will be needing it.)
ests should bring their own alb and stole concelebration.
e cannot provide accommodations prior the beginning or after the ending of the riapolis.
small children who are not required pay for accommodations (see each riapolis for age limit) use a bed, they have to pay for it.
ung people under 18 years of age ccompanied by a parent must have a per-sion slip signed by a parent.
ailers permitted only at the Northwest riapolis. Participants planning to come n trailers should write for rates and con-ons. Trailers must be self-contained.
ts are not allowed in dormitories.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

_____

_____

PLACE STAMP HERE

FOCOLARE MOVEMENT—MARIAPOLIS

_____

_____

2

Where to send your registration:

FOR SOUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS TO:
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 71701
Los Angeles, CA 90071 OR
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 32302
San Antonio, TX 78216

FOR MIDWEST MARIAPOLIS TO:
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 53426
Chicago, IL 60653

FOR NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS TO:
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 82626
North Burnaby, B.C.
Canada V5C 5W5 OR
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 71701
Los Angeles, CA 90071 OR
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 302 - Stn. T
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6B 4A3

FOR EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS TO:
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 496
New York, NY 10021 OR
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 4958
Washington, DC 20008 OR
Focolare Movement - Mariapolis
P.O. Box 302 - Stn. T
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6B 4A3

Terms of payment

Registration: The registration fee is not included in the accommodations fee. Please note fees and deadlines for registration and accommodations under specification for each Mariapolis. Late registration fee: US$5 additional.

Young people up to 18 years of age (Northwest: 19 years) accompanied by their parents should register using the same form even though fee is not required.

Your cancelled check is your receipt.

Cancellations in writing received prior to dates indicated for each Mariapolis will be given full refund. After this date money is transferable to another person but not refundable.

Daily rates available for those not attending the whole week.

Accommodations are in college dorms or apartments with double occupancy rooms. A limited number of single rooms are available at each location for an additional charge of US$18

To register for 1983 Mariapolis please fill in the registration form

1. Tear off page.
2. Cut along dotted lines.

SOUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

Las Vegas, New Mexico
June 26, after supper to July 2, after breakfast

GISTRATION FEE
gle person.....US$ 75
ng adult (12-18 years).....US$ 20
dren (3-11 years).....US$ 10
rried couple or family maximum.....US$120
h children under 18)

COMMODATIONS: (meals and lodging)
lts.....US$120
ng people (12-18 years).....US$120
ldren (3-11 years).....US$ 50

accommodation fee for children under 3 unless they use a , in which case the fee is US$30. Please specify on the istration form if so desired.

towels provided, please bring your own.

gistration fee due by **June 1** . No trailers permitted.
yment in full due by **June 14** .
l refund for cancellations received in writing by **June 17**.

MULTANEOUS TRANSLATIONS:
nish ☐ # (Please check if needed and specify number)

NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

Bellingham, Washington
July 10, after supper to July 16, after breakfast

GISTRATION FEE
gle person.....US$ 75
ung adult (11-19 years).....US$ 20
ldren (2-10 years).....US$ 10
rried couple or family maximum.....US$150
th children under 18)

COMMODATIONS: (meals and lodging)
ults.....US$130
ung people (11-18 years).....US$ 95
ildren (2-10 years).....US$ 70

accommodation fee for children under 2 unless they use a d, in which case the fee is US$40.

commodations - Special rates:
r children 2-10 who sleep in their parents' room with sleep- bags the fee is US$30 (maximum 2 per room).
r young people 11-18 with sleeping bags in their parents' room e fee is US$70 (maximum 2 per room). Please specify on the gistration form if so desired.

eals only:
dults and young people (11-18 years).....US$ 55
ildren (2-10 years).....US$ 30

gistration fee due by **June 4** .
ll amount must be paid by **June 25** .
ll refund for cancellations received in writing by **June 30**.

MIDWEST MARIAPOLIS

Platteville, Wisconsin
July 3, after supper to July 9, after breakfast

REGISTRATION FEE
Single person.....US$ 75
Young adult (12-18 years).....US$ 20
Children (2-11 years).....US$ 10
Married couple or family maximum.....US$120
(with children under 18)

ACCOMMODATIONS: (meals and lodging)
Adults.....US$120
Young people (12-18 years).....US$120
Children (2-11 years).....US$ 70

No accommodation fee for children under 2 unless they use a bed, in which case the fee is US$40.

Accommodation fee for children under 5 with sleeping bags in their parents' room is US$40 (maximum 2 per room).

Accommodation fee for children between 5 and 11 with sleeping bags in their parents' room is US$50 (maximum 2 per room). Please specify on the registration form if so desired.

Registration fee due by **June 3** . No trailers permitted.
Full amount must be paid by **June 14** .
Full refund for cancellations received in writing by **June 17.**

EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS

Bronx, New York
August 8, after supper to August 14, after breakfast

REGISTRATION FEE
Single person.....US$ 75
Young adult (12-18 years).....US$ 20
Children (3-11 years).....US$ 10
Married couple or family maximum.....US$150
(with children under 18)

ACCOMMODATIONS: (meals and lodging)
Adults.....US$135
Young people (12-18 years).....US$120
Children (3-11 years).....US$ 96

No accommodation fee for children under 3 unless they use a bed, in which case the fee is US$60.

Accommodations - Special rates:
For children 3-11 years of age who sleep in their parents' room with sleeping bags the fee is US$45 (maximum of 2 per room).
For young people 12-18 with sleeping bags in their parents' room the fee is US$90 (maximum 2 per room). Please specify on the registration form if so desired.

For limited stay there is an additional charge of US$1 per night for 3-4-5 nights and US$3 per night for 1-2 nights.

Registration fee due by **July 14.** No trailers permitted.
Full amount must be paid by **July 23.**
Full refund for cancellations received in writing by **July 28.**

SIMULTANEOUS TRANSLATIONS: ☐ French ☐ Spanish
(Please check if needed and specify number) #

I/We will attend the –

- ☐ SOUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS
- ☐ MIDWEST MARIAPOLIS
- ☐ NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS
- ☐ EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS

NAME(S) OF PARTICIPANT(S)
[Please indicate age and sex of participant(s) under 18 years of age.]

LAST NAME: **FIRST NAME:**

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐

Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss ☐

ADDRESS: _____
Street City

_____
State Zip Tel.

REGISTRATION(S):
single persons $ _____ couple $ _____ Total $ _____

ACCOMMODATIONS:
children $ _____ adults and youth $ _____ Total $ _____

Amount enclosed $ _____

(Please make check payable to Focolare Movement in US$)

If you plan to participate in only a part of the Mariapolis please check below—

DAY OF ARRIVAL: _____
breakfast ☐ lunch ☐ dinner ☐

DAY OF DEPARTURE: _____
breakfast ☐ lunch ☐ dinner ☐

I will come by car and can offer _____ number of seats.

Please send me more information about group fare Bus ☐

What is the Focolare Movement?

THE BEGINNINGS

FOCOLARE means "hearth," "family fireside." What first strikes people when they come in contact with members of the Focolare, whether in small groups or in large gatherings, is the atmosphere of a family. It is a family formed by many different people in various walks of life. The Focolare Movement is also known as the "Work of Mary." Under this name it was approved by Pope John XXIII in 1962.

The Focolare Movement began in 1943 in Italy. In the midst of the terrible destruction of World War II, Chiara Lubich realized that God is the only one worth living for. As a result, she began to center her life on the Gospel, together with a small group of young women who followed her. Their ideal became one of striving toward the fulfillment of Jesus' last prayer to the Father: "May they all be one" (Jn.17:21).

The life of Chiara and her first companions, and the spiritual way they spontaneously followed, gave rise to the unique form of spirituality of the Focolare Movement, a spirituality of unity. It has proved to be a powerful means of introducing the Gospel into modern life, of going to God together.

WHO ARE THE FOCOLARINI

Single men and women live in separate communities called Focolare Centers. Their principal aim is to achieve unity among themselves through mutual charity practiced twenty-four hours a day. They follow the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity and obedience. They work as other laymen and women in regular jobs and professions.

Some married persons, even though continuing to live in their families, participate fully in the life of either the men's or women's Focolare Centers in their common effort to achieve this same unity. They are called "Married Focolarini" and form the backbone of a vast Movement within the Movement, called the New Family Movement.

THE VOLUNTEERS AND THE NEW HUMANITY MOVEMENT

The Volunteers, also called the "Volunteers of God," are a large group within the Focolare Movement; they would like to transform all human realities according to the Gospel spirit. The Volunteers are the backbone of the mass movement called New Humanity. The aim of this Movement is to help form a society made of men and women who are made "new" by the Gospel message and who can then bring new life to all fields of human activity (education, business, etc.). This results in new social relationships which, in turn, lead to the realization of new structures of society.

GEN

The new generations of the Focolare Movement form another Movement or, better, three movements: the Gen 2, the Gen 3 and the Gen 4 Movements, divided according to their various age groups. "Gen" stands for new generation. The Gen have committed themselves to living the Gospel message of love and to sharing with other youth the conviction they have that the Gospel is the answer to every question and the motive for everything they do.

THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE RELIGIOUS

Men and women religious — although they live according to their own rules and constitutions and are already a distinct part of the Church through their religious families — can also be associated with the Focolare.

Contact with the Movement helps them to focus their attention on the specific charism of their founders, and to see how it can be lived in the present time.

PRIESTS — PRIESTS' MOVEMENT —SEMINARIANS — PARISH MOVEMENT

Many diocesan priests are committed to living the spirituality of the Focolare Movement. Some of them live in community. They form the backbone of the Priests' Movement which is made up of priests who live the spirituality of unity.

FOCOLARE FAMILY

The largest group within the Focolare Movement is made up of men, women and young people who are connected with the Movement without having any formal ties with it. Their bond of unity stems from their acceptance of its spirit and their desire to live it.

ECUMENISM

The Movement not only crossed the political boundaries of more than 100 countries, it has also gone beyond the barriers erected for centuries between the various Christian Churches.

Ecumenical activities take place in the different parts of the world where the Movement exists.

In the past few years a promising, ongoing dialogue has been established with faithful of other religions.

SUMMER MARIAPOLIS

Summer meetings are held every year for those interested in the Movement and for those who wish to come into contact with it. For one week persons of all ages and walks of life are exposed to the spirituality of unity. Above all, they strive to practice it by creating among themselves a rapport that molds them into a community. It is intended to be a basic experience of such intense unity that the people will be able to bring it back into their own environments. And this is the most striking fruit of these conventions. They tend to be models of a world which lives according the Gospel.

PERMANENT MARIAPOLIS

The need to prolong the experience of the summer meetings brought about the birth of small cities called Permanent Mariapolis. They are made up of young men and women, as well as whole families, who are there for a designated period of time to be formed according to the Gospel spirit of unity.

They also attend classes in Sacred Scripture, Theology and Sociology and work for their own support.

MARIAPOLIS CENTERS

In addition to the Permanent Mariapolis, there are Mariapolis Centers, which are training centers for the members of the Movement.

FOCOLARE ADDRESSES IN NORTH AMERICA

CHICAGO:
P.O. Box 53426
Chicago, IL 60653

SAN ANTONIO:
P.O. Box 32302
San Antonio. TX 78216

NEW YORK:
P.O. Box 496
New York, NY 10021

BOSTON:
P.O. Box 239
Roslindale, MA 02131

WASHINGTON, DC:
P.O. Box 4958
Washington, DC 20008

LOS ANGELES
P.O. Box 71701
Los Angeles, CA 90071

TORONTO:
P.O. Box 302 — Stn.T
Toronto, Ontario
Canada M6B 4A3

LIVING CITY IS...

LIVING CITY IS...

LIVING CITY IS...

something special

For subscription, please use the enclosed en

LIVING CITY
P.O. Box 126
JAMAICA, NEW YORK 11415

Non-Profi
U.S. Pos
PAID
Permit No
Long Island C

0184 21115L00000572
GRADUATE THEOLOGICAL UNION
LIBRARY-SERIALS DEPT
2400 RIDGE RD
BERKELEY,CA 94709

PRINTED IN U.S.A.